

IN THIS LAND

the children  
grow sad

they make a ring  
around the moon

in this land  
the children are mute

falling stars  
rainbows  
in the sky

in this land  
the children  
are still

their hands  
no longer clapping

-- Judith Anne Greenberg

Eugene, OR

Reaching Back

Stretched out on bed  
chewing on preserved  
plum I hit that  
ball broke 2nd story  
courthouse window  
Susanville 24 yrs ago ...  
ran with all my  
dirty mite & bragged  
for weeks hit ball  
so fucking far.

Outback

Outback listening to Gibson  
shutout the Giants  
dogs romping & laughing  
2 sparrows cuss us  
from clothes line &  
drain pipe  
& take turns darting  
into tiny hole in  
screened vent under  
eaves ...  
Marichal will murder  
them tomorrow.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands, CA